



A PRISONER OF HOPE.

To sit and watch in the lonely house
Whence others have risen and gone
Their way—
So hush'd and still that the wainscot
moans
Creeps out on my heart to play;
To hear the hurrying foot go by,
Their echoing feet the silence fill—
The world is busy enough, but
In the midst of it all sit still!
To wait, tho' the tide runs far and
fast,
To share the story, yet turn no page,
To dwell in the heart of a vanished
past.
With friends of a bygone age;
The living about me come and go,
But these have done with earth's toils
and tears,
And I follow with faltering step and
slow.
In the wake of the tedious years,
A broken weapon that's flung aside,
A worn-out tool for which none need
care—
Sometimes I fancy I must have died,
And that only a ghost sits there!
Yet the Dead no longer can feel the
strife
Of the nerveless hand and the power-
less limb,
And the weariness even worse than
pain.
That comes when Life's lamp burns
dim!
Often I think the hour of dawn,
When the faint light glimmers on
wall and floor,
And the curtains of night are half
withdrawn,
Is the worst in the twenty-four!
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam
Of sunset fires the golden west?
It is less hard than the watch and
dream
When even the toiler rests?
And when stars come out o'er the twi-
light sea
There falls on my soul a peace pro-
found,
As I think of a Hand that once set
me free.
The Spirits in Prison bound;
One day He will burst these bonds of
mine—
And perchance there is good work yet
undone
He is keeping for me in His Love
dim
In the Land beyond the Sun!
—Christian Burke.

NOTES.

There seems to be an agreement
among the dramatic critics that
"To Have and To Hold," by Miss Johnston,
will make a successful play. The Bos-
ton Journal says: "It is an unerring
instinct which has led Mr. Charles
Frohman to secure the dramatic rights.
The story as a play is fitted for and
capable of interpreting the character.
A writer in the Chicago Tribune says:
"I may say, without exaggeration, that
whoever gets the dramatic rights of
this book gets the thing in the
dramatic world at this moment. It is
a great part for the right actress."

Albert White Vorse has been made
editor of the New Criterion, which is to
be a sort of literary digest. For some
time past Mr. Vorse has been the
literary adviser of G. P. Putnam's
Sons, and he has also contributed fre-
quently to the magazines.

Some years ago we were promised a
speedy publication of McCauley's Jour-
nal. The announcement was prema-
ture, but it has been repeatedly stated
in English periodicals the journal would
be published at an early date and we
may hope to find it this time, well
founded.

George Bird Grinnell's The Indians
of Today, just published by H. S. Stone &
Co., Chicago, contains a notably large
number of portraits of living Indians.
More than fifty full-page photographs
are given—suggestive in themselves,
and also suggestive of the great ad-
vances made in this form of reproduc-
tion.

Many eminent names were attached to
the petition asking for permission to
place a memorial of John Ruskin in
Westminster Abbey. The dean immedi-
ately gave his consent, and provision-
ally selected a site for the proposed
memorial. A committee has been named
to carry out the necessary arrange-
ments.

Concerning the Congress of Librai-
aries, which will be held at the Paris Ex-
position August 20 to 23, the French
government has issued a neat leaflet
containing all requisite information on
the subject. These may be obtained by
addressing M. J. Courtye du Parc, at
the Bibliotheque Nationale, 55 Rue de
Richelieu, Paris.

It has taken a year to sift the manu-
scripts left by Johann Strauss. His ex-
ecutors have found complete a ballet,
Cinderella, which will be performed
next fall at the Berlin Opera House; an-
other and eight sets of waltzes, be-
sides many pieces for former operas
which he did not use.

The spring publishing season in Eng-

land has proved a comparative failure.
Publishers are holding back their books
until autumn, and there can be no doubt
if the South African war is brought to
a successful issue within the next few
months the autumn and winter book
trade will be unprecedentedly large.

A congress of Bibliography will be
held at Paris in connection with the
Universal Exposition, from the 16th to
the 18th of August. This congress, ac-
cording to the program prepared by the
committee of organization, will concern
itself chiefly with plans for the prepara-
tion of the special bibliographies so
urgently demanded by students and
men of science the world over.

Dodd, Mead & Co. is preparing for
next autumn a little Christmas story
by Paul Leicester Ford, which is to be
an attractive piece of bookmaking.
Howard Chandler Christy is furnishing
the illustrations in color, and Miss Ar-
mstrong has the decorations in charge.

September is to see the launching of
a neat little leather-bound periodical to
be known as "The Tremont Quarterly"
and published by Richard Badger & Co.
It is an amplification of the Bibliot
idea and will present every third month
some little-read treasure of literature.
For the first number the editor, Mr.
Earl Stephen Hermann, who is the ed-
itor of the Literary Review as well, has
chosen Alexander Smith's superb but
generally forgotten "A Life of Bryant,"
and James and Horace Smith's "Rejec-
ted Addresses."

The popular notion that all the suc-
cessful books are published in the East
something of a setback when we
remember that two of the strongest
novels of the season bear the imprint
of an Indianapolis publishing house,
Merrill & Co. Charles Major's "White
Knighthood" was in "Plover" has not
passed in its triumphal march since
the first copy came from the press, and
now Charles Frederic Goss's "The Re-
demption of David Corson," in spite of
its being a "quintessence" novel and with-
out the aid of historical incident
or association to heighten its interest,
defies the efforts of printers and bind-
ers to keep pace with the demand.
Withdrawing from an advance copy, Dr.
Whitrow, whose judgment can hardly
be questioned, says, "It is masterful in
conception, rich in rhetoric, sound in
psychology—the best religious novel I
have ever read."

While recently visiting a Chicago
friend Miss Beatrice Harraden, the
English novelist, gave this account of
her experience as an author. From the
start my aim was high. When only
seventeen I made my first serious liter-
ary attempt. It was a short story called
The Voice of the Violin, and I sum-
moned the literary world to Black-
wood's Magazine, wherein George Eliot
and many other great British authors
had made their fame. Oh, how eagerly
did I watch the post for something from
the "celebrated" editorial office, which
should make known the fate of my first
effort! Finally the token came. The
bulky envelope told me the whole story

When winter comes the vital forces of
nature are low, and the tree stands like
a solitary monument to the dead sum-
mer. In the winter of life, active men
experience a similar lowering of vital-
ity. In some the effect is
startling. They lose their grip on
life. They seem like
monuments of a buried past.

At this crisis
the "Discovery" is seeking to be of ben-
efit to any afflicted person I will feel re-
lief. There is no alcohol or other intoxicant
in "Golden Medical Discovery," neither
opium or other narcotic drugs.

The dealer who offers a substitute for
the "Discovery" is seeking to profit
himself, not to help you. Insist on hav-
ing "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical
Adviser is sent free, on receipt of stamps
to cover cost of mailing only. Send 21
one-cent stamps for edition in paper
cover, or 31 stamps for cloth binding.
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is a
good representative of the newest
school in fiction. It may be de-
scribed as the epigrammatic school, and
on the surface it might seem to illus-
trate nothing more than a recrudescence
of the Meredithian ideal. It is

of rejection and disappointment. With
the impulsiveness of an irritated school
girl, I threw the packet of letters into
my trunk and turned my thoughts in
other directions. Weeks later, in obedi-
ence to another impulse of the moment,
I went to my chamber, took the envel-
ope from the trunk and tore it open.
There was the packet of letters to be sure,
but with something which was destined
to exercise a strong influence upon the
rest of my life. It was a long and kind
autograph letter from William Black-
wood himself, in which he said that
though the little story could not be
given place in the pages of the maga-
zine, he saw in it the promise of things
to come so excellent that he felt con-
vinced that experience would make it
a real Blackwood's story. This com-
pliment was not lost on me, for I was fa-
miliar with the rich literary traditions
of the Blackwood house. The letter also
invited me to continue sending stories
until acceptance should finally be the
reward of perseverance, and assured me
that Mr. Blackwood would give me the
benefit of personal criticism. That first
story was sent to Blackwood and accept-
ed, but my ambition was not content
with that. Time after time I sent to the
famous Edinburgh house the best work of which I
was capable—only to receive it back again
with a painstaking letter pointing out
its defects and giving definite advice
for future efforts. One day I posted an un-
pretending sketch called "The Umbrella
Mender," thinking it would return to me
in due season as my other efforts had
done. Instead, I received a character-
istic note from Mr. Blackwood telling
me, in happy terms, that I had fairly
won a place in the pages of the Black-
wood's Magazine. After that I had fair
sailing until I offered "Ships That Pass
in the Night." Mr. Blackwood at last
gave it as his opinion that the book
would not sell. This forced me to look
elsewhere for a publisher who would
take it. The sale was very large. Not
in the least, however, did this experi-
ence shake my sense of loyalty to Mr.
Blackwood, and I gave him my next
story as readily as if there had been no
such episode. Beatrice Harraden con-
fesses herself "a very British patriot,"
and just before sailing for England, a
few weeks since, she declared: "I'm
eager to get back so that I can go down
to the docks and welcome the victorious
soldier boys as they come home from
beating the Boers. Why I haven't had
so much as a chance for one good, rou-
sing, patriotic cheer. But I'll make up
for lost time when the air is full of
joys that sort of thing."

Miss Harraden has probably the
shortest working day of any writer who
labors systematically. She permits her-
self to work but ninety minutes a day.
In this brief time, however, she accom-
plishes a marvelous amount of work.
When asked if she did not do any men-
tal work outside of her appointed hour
and a half of labor she answered: "Un-
consciously, perhaps; but not to con-
sider anything. During all the remainder
of the time I try to be diligently idle so
far as literary thought is concerned."
Of her own novels, Miss Harraden is
said to regard "The Power" as a much
stronger piece of work than "Ships That
Pass in the Night."

The Master Christian is the title given
by Marie Corelli to her forthcoming
novel.

The Cambridge edition of Sir Walter
Scott's complete poetical works, which
has been added to their series by Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

The price of Harper's Monthly Maga-
zine is to be raised to \$4.00 a year, be-
ginning with the December number.

A uniform edition of the works of
Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is
in active preparation by Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

Kipling's long-expected novel will be
entitled "The Day After Tomorrow." It will
make its appearance in McClure's Maga-
zine.

Eden Phillpotts has been compelled by
ill health to lay his pen aside for some
time, which he has been some time at work.

The Oxford University Press will pub-
lish shortly the Two Versions Bible,
showing at a glance every change made
in the revised version.

BOOKS.

"The Honorable Peter Stirling," by
Paul Leicester Ford, is a story chiefly
dealing with a person who, from a point
of view charmingly new to
literary productions of similar intent.
The character of the hero is probably
one of the best in American fiction and
holds the reader from the beginning
to the end with a warm personal inter-
est. The result from the intense naturalness
that breathes in the author's creation
throughout. The traits of taciturnity
and phlegmatism that characterize the
man, covering depths of feeling that
come from the quiet of the reader even, till
unfolds by the slow evolution process
of events and then shown in acts that
one recognizes as perfectly natural to
the character, is a piece of delineation
startling in its truth. "A Life of Bryant,"
by James and Horace Smith, is a new
light in literature, while the events
and incidents themselves are of a kind
to keep the interest of the entire narra-
tive up to the standard of its chief
character throughout the book. Only in
one place does the plot threaten to fall
to the level of sensationalism—that
scene in which the French woman and
child appears and Peter takes the
stigma of disgrace on his own shoulders
to save his friend's wife and child from
sorrow. The story here rings dis-
cordantly from its former pure tone of
naturalness, and the incidents hinge
upon it are too apparently forced to
excite slight doubts of feeling at the
advent and ending. Aside from this
and the extreme phases of girlishness
exhibited by Peter's last love "Leonore"—
an overbearing fault with both "Jan-
ette Meredith" and the author's latest
novel—the book is a most refreshing and
natural and interesting throughout—
George Q. Cannon and Sons.

There is art enough in "The Touch-
stone" by Mrs. Wharton. Indeed, the effort is only too ap-
parent. Mrs. Wharton is unquestion-
ably clever; but why does she endeavor
with such painful insistence to imitate
M. J. James? It is idle to say that the
imitation is casual. The whole story
is motive, character, conversation, de-
velopment, is he to the life. Just what
significance the title has we have been
unable to discover. The gist of the
situation is that the public who read
of the letters written to him by a woman,
now dead, who won an immense
reputation as a novelist. The tempta-
tion to sell these letters comes with the
knowledge that the public who read
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school in fiction. It may be de-
scribed as the epigrammatic school, and
on the surface it might seem to illus-
trate nothing more than a recrudescence
of the Meredithian ideal. It is

hardly possible, however, that the au-
thor of the "Touchstone" should recognize any
influence of his in the numerous stories
that are now told in would-be "smart
conversation." His epigrams are elo-
quent of thought. The epigrams of the
school to which we refer seem more
products of purely mechanical processes.
We meet this sort of thing on every
page. Accordingly, it is not surprising
that whatever elements of reality may
have resided in Miss Fowler's material
when she started to hold it into a
kind of "blondism" formula.
You sketch a tolerably ingenious plot
and then develop it with the aid of in-
tolerably ingenious epigrams. The
breath of life is missing from novels
of this class.

We are very glad to announce the
publication of so excellent a book as
Journalistic German, edited by August
Rehn, Ph. D. This volume contains a
selection taken from the current Ger-
man periodicals of the highest class,
and provides reading material treating
of many sides of life and illustrating
the present use of the language. They
are concerned with the domestic and
events of the modern times, pre-
serving the great facts of invention,
discovery, commerce, and industry, and
showing the German as a progressive,
energetic, modern factor in the develop-
ment of the world's civilization. Hitherto
there has been a great lack of avail-
able literature of this nature, and we
feel sure the present volume will meet
with a warm welcome from all teach-
ers. The vocabulary seems very com-
plete.—American Book Co.

A Term of Ovid, by Clarence W. Gleason,
A. M. (Harvard), of the Roxbury
Latin school, is an invaluable book just
published by the American Book Co.
These ten stories from the Metamor-
phoses of Ovid will prove a welcome
addition to the ordinary school cur-
riculum. They can be taken up with
great benefit by students before read-
ing the original. The stories are in-
teresting and more interesting. The vo-
cabulary included in these selections is
almost identical with that in the first
book of the Aeneid, and consequently
will serve as an excellent preparation
for reading the original. The ex-
perience gained from mastering a new
author. Time so spent is not wasted
but gained. In addition to the notes
the book contains a short introductory
chapter on the life of Ovid, and a table
of contents of the principal characters,
names of the most available books
of reference, etc. The vocabulary is
very complete, the notes are full and
interesting, and special attention has
been paid to scansion.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' friends, who
are inclined to like best her work in
her original and peculiar field, have
and a deal of trouble over her strong
tendency toward the romantic and the
colonial. She has always had a pas-
sion for romance connected with the
colonial period, and of recent years she
has written rather more in that field.
The Kingdom of Heaven within, her
story of the Deerfield massacre, her "Little
Maid at the Door," her "Giles Corey,"
her "Buckley Lady," her "Evelina's
Garden," her "Madelon" and other
tales prove her extraordinary liking for
the romance of the past. Now she has
entered the field still more definitely
with her new story, published by
Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., and
entitled "The Heart's Highway." The
scene of it is Virginia and the time
1682. The motive is one somewhat un-
familiar to our literature—the story of
a young man of an aristocratic house
who has been sent out to Virginia as a con-
vict, who loves the daughter of the
Virginia house to which he serves, and
who is apparently barred out from any
acceptance by her or equality with
her, through his melancholy status as
a convict and practically a bondsman.
But though the theme is not new, Miss
Wilkins' treatment of it is not less
to say, is entirely original.

"In 'The Judges' Cave' Margaret Sidney
has told a good story of the chase
of the two men who condemned
King Charles. The story is set in
the days of the English Civil War, and
was protected by New Haven Colony
and the cave in which they took refuge
is one of the historical spots now
pointed out to the tourist. The story
is told in a simple and is full of the flavor
of colonial days.

MAGAZINES.

The features of the July Arena are
three articles dealing with the ab-
sorbing matter of affairs in the Orient.
"Will the Chinese Emigrate?" is a
thoughtful paper by J. M. Scanlan;
Turkey and the United States is by
John S. Ketchum, and the last of the
series is "Railroad Control in Japan,"
by Kekiichi Abo. Besides these are a
number of other important articles
which make the issue a most valuable
one. Among them are: "The Con-
centration of Commerce," "The Refor-
mation in America," an excellent arti-
cle upon the value of "Manual Train-
ing in Mental Development," and an
important one on "Perilous
Maxims and Ideas."

McClure's for July contains Rudyard
Kipling's new story, "The Outsider," a
tale of the Boer war. "An Averted
Calamity" by Gustav Kerner, "Jack
and Jill," a story of the Boers by
Harte, and a half dozen other equally
readable and important contributions.

"Newton Marsh at Panama," the
opening article in this week's Youth's
Companion, is a story dealing with the
attempted construction of the Panama
canal and relates the honesty of a
young construction agent who is em-
ployed on the work, and who is tempt-
ed by one of the men over him to report
false numbers of men at work on the
canal, and thus be able to share the
extra amount in salary supplied by the
company between themselves. He re-
fuses to accept the hint and the end of
the story shows his twofold promo-
tion in consequence of his honesty.

The fifth of the series of the "Ameri-
can Girl," drawn by Howard Chandler
Christy for the Ladies' Home Journal
contains the front page of the July
number of the magazine. "The American
Girl at Her Sports," Ernest Seton
Thompson's "Wild Animal Play" is il-
lustrated with figures in costumes ap-
propriate to producing the "Play" in
private theatricals. "The Fashionable
Summer Resorts of the Century" is a
timely and readable summer article, as
are also the illustrations of old fash-
ioned games, also contained in the
issue. "The Story the Doctor Told" is
a touching story of an almshouse in-
mate and with the serials makes up the
choice reading in the number.

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM.
(Written after seeing a farmer's wife
cleaning house.)
Bowed by the cares of cleaning house,
she leans,
Upon her broom and gazes through the
dust.
A wilderness of wrinkles on her face
And on her head a knob of wispy hair,
Who made her slave to sweeping and
rests,
Stanchioned in stall, a sister to the
cow?
Who bossed and made shrill this an-
gled
Who dowered this narrowed chest for
blowing up

Of sluggish men-folk and their morn-
ing fire?
Is this the thing you made a bride and
brought
To have dominion over hearth and
home?
To scour the stairs and search the bin
for flour
To bear the burden of maternity?
Is this the wife they wove who framed
our law
And plumed a bright land on smiling
homestead?
Down all the stretch of street to the
last house
There is no shape more angular than
hers.
More tongue with gabble of her neigh-
bors' deeds.
More filled with the nerve-ache and
rheumatic twinge,
More fraught with menace of the fry-
ing-pan.
Oh, lords and masters in our happy
land!
How with this woman will you make
account?
How answer her shrill question in that
hour?
When whirlwinds of such women shake
the polls,
Headless of every precedent and creed,
Straight in hysteric haste to right all
wrongs?
How will it be with cant of politics,
With lying or trade and legislative
boss,
With cobwebs of hypocrisy and greed,
When she shall take the ballot for her
broom
And sweep away the dust of centuries?
—New York Sun.

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east, and the chimney
smoked,
And the old brown house seemed
dreary.
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old
folks croaked,
There had come home chilled and
weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came
in;
Her nose was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was
thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to
chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.
She spoke not a word of the cold and
damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted
And she put on the place a different
stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in so-
ber brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crim-
son gown,
And she looked so gay when she so
came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.
They forgot that the house was a dull
old place,
And smoky from base to rafters,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful
grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

SOME QUESTIONS.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within us,
Then why do the church people say
We must die ere we get into Heaven
In the same old orthodox way?

Why did Christ tell us so plainly,
The Kingdom of Heaven is within,
And why do we struggle so vainly
To live in a world full of sin?

If Heaven is reached by mere dying
Why is it we all want to stay
On earth where we find it so trying
To keep ourselves living each day?

'Tis the sin that must die, not the sin-
ner,
Christ taught it, is teaching it yet,
Why, oh why do we not learn the les-
son,
Oh why do we always forget?

If we seek for the Kingdom of Heaven,
We will find it is close at our hand,
We have only to turn and do better
And we enter the promised land.

SHERMAN'S RIGID HONESTY.

To his aid Mr. Sherman brought a na-
ture instinctively methodical, and an
unflinching probity. He saw to it that
the public money was not squan-
dered or used for dishonest purposes.
A claim for a million dollars was once
brought to him for his signature. It
had been regularly allowed, but it was
illegal and he refused to sign it.

"It has been allowed," intoned the
claimant's attorney, "and you must
sign it."

"I will not," repeated Mr. Sherman;
and he did not. He would have re-
signed his office as afterward confided to a
friend, had it been required of him,
sooner than even seem to sanction a fraud.

Neither would he permit irregularity.
The chief of a bureau one day
came to him for an order to pay for
some machinery.

"Has it been advertised?" asked the
secretary.

"No," said the chief, "but there are
only two places where it can be made,
and we are accustomed to get their
bids and contract with the lowest."

"But," said the secretary, "the law
says it must be advertised."

"At this time may pass, for it is made
and we need it."

"I cannot help that; the law says it
must be advertised, and advertised it
must be." And advertised it was, at a
very large saving to the government.—
Saturday Evening Post.

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can Girl," drawn by Howard Chandler
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cleaning house.)
Bowed by the cares of cleaning house,
she leans,
Upon her broom and gazes through the
dust.
A wilderness of wrinkles on her face
And on her head a knob of wispy hair,
Who made her slave to sweeping and
rests,
Stanchioned in stall, a sister to the
cow?
Who bossed and made shrill this an-
gled
Who dowered this narrowed chest for
blowing up

Of sluggish men-folk and their morn-
ing fire?
Is this the thing you made a bride and
brought
To have dominion over hearth and
home?
To scour the stairs and search the bin
for flour
To bear the burden of maternity?
Is this the wife they wove who framed
our law
And plumed a bright land on smiling
homestead?
Down all the stretch of street to the
last house
There is no shape more angular than
hers.
More tongue with gabble of her neigh-
bors' deeds.
More filled with the nerve-ache and
rheumatic twinge,
More fraught with menace of the fry-
ing-pan.
Oh, lords and masters in our happy
land!
How with this woman will you make
account?
How answer her shrill question in that
hour?
When whirlwinds of such women shake
the polls,
Headless of every precedent and creed,
Straight in hysteric haste to right all
wrongs?
How will it be with cant of politics,
With lying or trade and legislative
boss,
With cobwebs of hypocrisy and greed,
When she shall take the ballot for her
broom
And sweep away the dust of centuries?
—New York Sun.

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.
The wind was east, and the chimney
smoked,
And the old brown house seemed
dreary.
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old
folks croaked,
There had come home chilled and
weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came
in;
Her nose was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was
thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to
chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.
She spoke not a word of the cold and
damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted
And she put on the place a different
stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in so-
ber brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crim-
son gown,
And she looked so gay when she so
came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.
They forgot that the house was a dull
old place,
And smoky from base to rafters,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful
grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and
sing
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

SOME QUESTIONS.
The Kingdom of Heaven is within us,
Then why do the church people say
We must die ere we get into Heaven
In the same old orthodox way?

Why did Christ tell us so plainly,
The Kingdom of Heaven is within,
And why do we struggle so vainly
To live in a world full of sin?

If Heaven is reached by mere dying
Why is it we all want to stay
On earth where we find it so trying
To keep ourselves living each day?

'Tis the sin that must die, not the sin-
ner,
Christ taught it, is teaching it yet,
Why, oh why do we not learn the les-
son,
Oh why do we always forget?

If we seek for the Kingdom of Heaven,
We will find it is close at our hand,
We have only to turn and do better
And we enter the promised land.

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